

## Chair Ass

Bumblefoot

I've got a chair attached to my ass for 13 hours every  
day  
Add two more after and before, just getting there and  
away  
Like thrown meat landing on a seat - just vegetating in  
decay  
I'm squattified - too settled in, and melting into  
pear-shaped dismay

Shapes and textures etched into my back on few  
occasions whence I stand  
Impressions of a cushion pressed into a lazy man  
The furniture acts like a cookie-cutter - reforming me  
like wooden hands on flattened dough  
Till I tear the glue of hair and sweat and go

The vinyl interlocked with dimples grips my body  
Till I'm just a finished pile of human relic on a  
legged place-mat  
I fall between the tensing cracks - I feel trapped on  
the tracks  
I don't need feet - I'm levitated by the seat - yeah,  
I've got chair ass

Yeah, no, something gone wrong  
Here, gone, too late, I'm done

My blood pools in my thighs  
I bloat and swell cold till I rise  
Numb I stand, arms in clammy palms, rubber bones give  
at the knee  
Ankles thick but empty, couldn't hold the gelatin mold  
Watch the cardhouse man fold

Yeah, no, something gone wrong  
Here, gone, too late, I'm done  
Yeah, no, gone, too late, I'm done  
Yeah, no, gone, too late, I'm done